The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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A Happy Meeting.

Day after day went gladly by,
And night to night new splendours lent,
As from the East we sought the West,
And spanned the mighty continent.

At length the happy goal attained,—
The blue Pacific at our feet:
What magic changes all around
Our senses charm, our vision greet!

Its golden globes amidst the green,
The orange hangs like fairy lights;
The poppies flame in every mead,
Fresh wonders crown the novel heights.

All new and strange! until one day,
Beneath the live-oak's generous shade,
A little flower I chanced to spy:
No prettier flower God ever made.

Then straight the landscape swam in mist,
Mountains and sea were lost to view;
I trod the Atlantic's rocky shore,
And saw the things my boyhood knew.

So far away, and yet the same!
And, if the truth I dare to tell,
I could have kissed its ruddy bloom,
That sturdy little pimpernel.

A sign and symbol shall it be
Of humble things, which, though we range
From farthest East to farthest West,
Like God, are sure, and never change.

J. W. CHADWICK.

Wrestling and Blessing.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

GENESIS xxxii. 24 31.

A fossil lies before me on the table where I write, a little trilobite, that serves now for a paper-weight. There he lies just as he stopped in his last crawl or swim some million years ago, the body half-bent, the stony eyes still staring! One cannot help wondering—what stopped him; how it happened; and what else had happened in that far-off life, when those black rings were supple and the eyes *saw*. I wish I knew his story. You have the Venus of Milo, perhaps, on the bracket in your parlour,—that proud marble beauty whose mystery her keeper in the Louvre has lately been trying to guess anew. It would be pleasant if we had some *record* how she came under "that little Melian farm," from whose furrows she was unburied, so blurred with stain, and maimed, and aged, but able still to make men mute with delight. We wish we knew who felt the first delight of her, when she was young; who gave her early praise; in whose workshop she grew to such majesty of form.

Somewhat so it is with the old legends in our Bible. We wish we knew how, when, where, by whom, they came into existence. There are a hundred of them, some beautiful, some uncouth, some villainous, in look. Now, they lie fossilized in myths—mysterious fragments, like

old statues. Once, they were living and moving; once, they were coming into being as beliefs. These stories have had a life-history in men's minds and hearts. Take the Jacob story that I just now read (Gen. xxxii. 24-31), where Jacob wrestles through the lonely night with a strange, strong Power, that maims him. But, instead of yielding, he clings, and wrestles on, and *will not let go* wrestling until he has extorted a blessing from his hurter. And when, in turn, he asks the stranger's name, no name is given him; but Jacob guesses it is his God, and calls that night's struggling-place "God's Face." And he limps off in the morning, lame in his thigh, but a crowned victor; and for his prowess wins a new name, "Israel," or "Prince with God."

Here we have something very fine,—a meaning universal, and fresh as yesterday's struggle with our own life's difficulty. The teaching is that wrestling is the condition of blessing,—that the long, determined clinch brings coronation, and makes a new man of us,—maimed, perhaps, but still a nobler and a stronger man than before the struggle.

How do we treat our difficulties? That is the question that has no second. It stands all by itself in its importance. The answer to it gives our destiny. How do we treat our difficulties? Do we take their maiming only, or do we win their blessing too? The question that has no second.

I. First of all rises up that difficulty known as the *inherited burden.* You probably have one. A dull brain, perhaps, or some weak organ in your body, or the outlaw-passion in your temperament, the brute in the family blood that ought to have been tamed by our grandfathers. We will not complain; but who would not have made himself a little brighter had his opinion been asked at the right time? How many of us who are forty years old but have ached in the same spot where their mothers ached, and because they did, and have been able from that ache to predict afar off which of the wheels of life would probably be the one to stop first, and to stop all the rest? And who can help sometimes charging the hardness of his life-struggle, or his failure in the struggle, to those two persons in the world whom he loves dearest?

Our old dogma said that we inherited our sin, and that all our woe was brought into the world with that garden sin in Eden; and this dogma was a dim hint of the great fact recognised by the evolution doctrine of to-day. But, after all, the Gardener was so far off we could not practically reach him to lay our personal responsibility off upon his shoulders. But to-day we are learning to see right in our homes our Adam and our Eve, who have actually inlaid our body, mind, and tastes with their bequests! And as this knowledge grows, weak hearts are likely enough to abate their trying, because (they say to themselves), "*He* and *she* are to blame, not I." And a first effect of our evolution knowledge may be to make more cowards and renegades in life.

Weak hearts and renegades, indeed! As if the knowledge did not teach this rather,—that if in one way the responsibility be less, it is greatening in two other ways: (1) because, knowing the tendencies received from father and mother, we can tell what special dangers threaten us in our own natures, and therefore just what we have to guard against; and (2) because to-day we consciously transmit our influence to our children,—and men and women awake to the suffering they inflict are doubly holden for it. Yes, this new emphasis upon inheritance, truly taken, is both comforting and spurring. Comforting, for to those who mourn overmuch at what they see in their little ones, thinking it is all their personal bequest,—to them it says: "No, you are only responsible for the half or the quarter part of this: your *whole ancestry* has been counted into you, and through you reaches yours." That thought is comfort sometimes, when your boy turns out badly, and your daughter dies young after suffering six years. And the new knowledge spurs, because it says to parents: You *are* responsible for the quarter or the half part of your children's fate; and *you know* that by patient energy your dull brain can be quickened somewhat, your weak body can strengthen its weak places somewhat, and specially your unbalanced temperament can be controlled and trained and much ennobled, and that, if you make these self-improvements, they may be largely handed unto *them.*" That we are not fit to have our children, unless we have trained ourselves beforehand for their birth,—that is what our evolution doctrine says to us; and

there by it will gradually become a great salvation and uplifting to the race.

The earnest wrestler, knowing this, will never wholly surrender to the poorness of his brain or his body or his temperament. Not to poorness of the brain; for that dull head that we inherit may go with days that shall leave us perfect in self-respect, although dull-headed. No sight is more impressive than that of humble self-respecting workers, boys or girls, or men or women, who, day in, day out, do their duty in the quiet stations where small talent hides them, representing the Moral Law Incarnate in their little corner. Not to the poorness of one's body; for what sight is more beautiful than the patience, the self-forgetfulness, the wide and eager pity for others' trouble, which suffering sometimes generates in the life-long sufferer who bears her weakness greatly, though in all other ways the service has to be service of those who cannot even "stand," but have to "lie and wait?" Who has not heard of some mighty invalid who found sphere and mission-field on her sick-bed?

No, not even to the poorness of one's temperament will the earnest wrestler yield. There is one example in the world more touching and inspiring than these last. It is that of a man wrestling hard with his inherited burden when it takes the form of a Besetting Sin,—which is very apt to be that brute in the family blood. But, even if it be a devil of his own wanton raising, we watch him, we cheer him, we tell him we know all about it, and that he's doing nobly and helping us in our struggle: we pity him, if he falls; we reverence him as holy, if he wins. Let such a struggler know that *we* know he is the hardest fighter of us all.

And, if he wins, his besetting temptation actually turns into his guardian angel, and blesses him through life. The besetting sin may become the guardian angel! Let us dare to say it! Let us thank God that we can say it! Yes, this sin that has sent me weary-hearted to bed, and desperate in heart to morning work, that has made my plans miscarry until I am a coward, that cuts me off from prayer, that robs the sky of blueness, and the earth of springtime, and the air of freshness, and human faces of friendliness,—this blasting sin that, perhaps, has made my bed in hell for me so long,—*this can be conquered.* I do not say annihilated, but, better than that, *conquered*, captured, and transfigured into a *friend:* so that I at last shall say, "My temptation has become my strength! for to the very fight with it I owe my force." We can treat it as the old Romans treated the barbarians on their frontiers,—turn the border-ruffians within ourselves into border-guards.

II. These are forms of that main difficulty called "Inherited Burden." There are others close akin, called by the general name, "*Hard Lot.*" "Hard Lot,"—again the very name is a challenge to our sleeping powers. The hard lot called Poverty, Ignorance, Narrow Conditions, Accidents, is waiting to give us—after the struggle — Temperance, Diligence, Fortitude, Concentration. But *after the struggle*,—that is, as we wrestle with those conditions, these elemental powers are waked in us and slowly trained, and at last are left ours,—our instruments by which to carve out life's success and happiness.

A boy in the town has no chance for education like the boys of richer fathers in the neighbourhood,—no college, no high school even; or, maybe, the yearning for education has come too late, after the school-days are over. Will the boy, like Theodore Parker, the farmer's son in Lexington, turn the pasture huckleberries into a Latin Dictionary? or, like Chambers, the great Edinburgh publisher, will he learn his French and science in the lonely attic, after the fourteen hours' work at the shop are done? Will he, like Professor Tyndall, rise every morning, for fifteen years, and be at his books by five o'clock? A girl, in the town, seeks for a "one-thing-to-do" to save herself from a frittered life. Harder yet it is for her than for the boy, for social custom is against her. Will she be daring, and not only daring, but persistent? The history of achievement is usually the history of self-made men and self-made women; and almost invariably it is the history of *tasks*, if not imposed by the hard lot of circumstance, then self-imposed. The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles; and some of the standard geniuses, a Newton, a Michael Angelo, give us their word for it that genius is little more than history. A woman like "George Elliot" laughs at the idea of writing her novels by inspiration. "Genius,"

President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, "is the power of making efforts."

III. A third well-known fighter waits in the dark to throw us: he bears the name *Our Failures.* How well we know him! What a prince of disheartenment he is! What arguments he has to prove to our minds that trying is no more of any use! He is our arch-devil. And he, too,—yes, because he is arch-devil,—he, too, will be our arch-angel, if we will have it so, —will be the one who warns and guides and saves. Half, two-thirds, of our best experience in life is his gift.

Look along any path of life at the stateliest figures walking in it. They are, most of them, figures of men that have *failed more than once.* Yes, any path. "It is very well," said Fox, the great English orator, "very well for a young man to distinguish himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied. Show me a young man who has *not* succeeded at first, and *has yet gone on*, and I will back *him.*" John Quincy Adams's Diary was published not very long ago. It is strange to find him as a young man lamenting his absolute inability to speak extempore. An ineradicable difficulty,—constitutional, he thinks;—and he died known as "the old man eloquent." These happen, all of them, to be the words of orators; but success in all lines of life is reached, or not reached—is lost,—by exactly the same principle. Whatever the high aim be, "strait is the gate and narrow the way" which lead to success in it. The great chemist thanked God that he was *not* a skilful manipulator, because his failures had led him to his best discoveries Said a successful architect of the young men in his office, who kept copying his designs, "Why *do* they do the things they *can* do? why *don't* they do the things they *can't?*" Miss Alcott wrote and burnt, and burnt and wrote, until, at last, her "Little Men and Women" came out of the fire. By the failure in art, by the failure in science, by the failure in business, by the failure in character, *if we wrestle on*, we win salvation. But all depends upon that *if.* Our failures pave the road to ruin or to success. "We can rise by stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things," or those dead selves can be the stones of stumbling over which we trip to destruction.

IV. Have you never wrestled with *Religious Doubts?* Sometimes, not the bottom of our knowledge only, but the very bottom of our faith in goodness, seems to give out. Perhaps some fearful tragedy has happened. Death or pain on its mighty scale has stalked abroad; or some great sin is triumphant, and the dishonest man, the mean man, the selfish man, is exalted, while goodness has to hide its head, and it seems as if it were madness to talk about the Eternal Righteousness. Perhaps our own life's disappointments have soured our hearts and blurred our eyes, till the brightest scene of pleasantness would wear November grays, and we say, "It is always winter, and never spring, to us." Perhaps dear old ideas, round which our gratitude and reverence have twined, are in decay, as new light breaks in from undreamed-of realms of thought; from an evolution theory, upsetting and resetting all our history of providence; from a theory of mechanism in mind and morals, which seem at first glance to turn ourselves into physical automata, and to dim all hope of a life beyond the body; from a vision of Law, Law, Law, till we see no room in the universe for a Law-giver, no place in our experience for singing songs and looking gladly upward. And then, if you have felt these doubts and wrestled with them, not bidding them go, not letting them go, but holding on to them, and thinking deeper, reading farther, looking more patiently and less dogmatically,—above all, living more purely and unselfishly,—have you not found the chaos turning, at least by patches, into cosmos, as the brown fields of April take on their green? Have you not caught here and there a vision, which, for the moment, made the old peace come again? Have you not found that life, the greater bringer of mysteries, was somehow also the great solver of mysteries? If not *you*, many a man *has* thus "beaten his music out" from the solid arguments of despair; has known what it is to pass from drifting doubts, not into certainties, but into a trust that has to be spelled with capitals, if printed, and can tell its meaning best, not by any explanation, but by cheer and serenity and a feeling as of awed triumph in life and in death!

Duty done is the soul's fireside.

The truest self-respect is not to think of self.

Sunday Morning in a French Protestant Church.

[A SKETCH.]

It is Sunday morning in the little town of M——. Twelve o'clock, the hour of service, is at hand. As we wend our way to the chapel we see no streams of neatly dressed persons proceeding to their respective places of worship. The shops are open, the loungers at the *cafés* are drinking their *mazagran* or *absinthe*, and the little children in the avenue are sporting with one another, or flying their balloons. At length we reach a humble edifice, whose architect was not allowed to indulge his Gothic or Italian propensities. No fluted columns adorn the *façade;* No pretentious spire points the way to heaven. As we enter, a good brother, who seems to act as chapel-keeper, greets us with a pleasant smile and a hearty shake of the hand. The arrival of a stranger, and a foreigner too, is evidently an event in the history of the day. The salutation over, we pass in alone. There is no fear of our taking the wealthy deacon's seat, or of our occupying the favourite corner of one of the chief supporters. There are no pews, but only benches, with here and there a few rush-bottom chairs, such as one used to see in the *Champs Elysées* in Paris. As the people arrive, they stand for a minute or so, the men with their faces in their hats, to ask the blessing of God on the service. At about ten minutes after the time appointed (punctuality is not a French virtue), the minister enters, innocent of robes, M. B. waistcoat, and all such official insignia, except the white necktie. By this time a tolerable congregation is assembled, and, judging by their outward appearance, one would say that they all belonged to about the same social position, and that a rather low one. We fancy, however, that yonder neatly-dressed ladies, with bonnets not perhaps of the latest fashion, are wives and daughters of prosperous manufacturers, and that the persons by their side, with caps of snowy whiteness, and huge ties of black velvet at the back of their heads, are their domestics. Some of those men, too, in blouses are owners of little farms, and occupy a tolerably independent position. While we are thus scrutinising the people, all suddenly rise from their seats. The pastor is about to open the service, which he does by repeating the words, "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and Holy Spirit, Amen." The service then proceeds much after the fashion common with us thirty years ago, with perhaps this difference, that the *long* prayer, if so we may call it, comes after the sermon. The people sit to sing and stand to pray. Our first impression, when the novelty of the scene has passed away, is, that the whole affair is very dull. The singing is mournful and monotonous. The Scriptures are read in a negligent manner, rather as a task that must be performed, than as a part, and an important part, of the service. The prayers are devout. They do not embody a system of theology, nor inform God on matters which He knows far better than we do. The sermon is not devoid of interest. It appeals to the emotional side of our nature, and is listened to with attention by the greater part of the audience. Nevertheless, the general impression produced is not in our case a very pleasing one. We are ready to ask, Are these the vivacious French people, whose conversation is so animated? Does the minister think it unbecoming to use much action in preaching? Is it necessary or expedient to have an order of worship as far removed as possible from that common in the Romish Church?

In many places the congregation seem possessed with the idea that they have come together to hear a sermon, and not to worship God. Many arrive late, while others, or it may be the same persons, get up and leave as soon as the preacher has ended his discourse.

But it would be wrong to regard these external manifestations as indicative of the real nature of the service. It is certainly strange to find that a people of lively temperament, of correct taste, and fond of what is sensational, should be contented with forms of service so devoid of everything calculated, as forms, to rouse the deeper feelings of the soul. All this, we say, is strange; but we must not draw the conclusion that the worship is merely formalistic, and that the worshippers are destitute of real religious life. On the contrary, we believe that in these humble unadorned temples, and among these quiet, and as one is almost disposed to call them, *triste* people, there is an amount of spiritual earnestness and real devotion not always to be found

in other circles, where the outward expressions of reverence, praise, and prayer, are more lively and artistic. The service is to many a time of solemn and happy meditation—a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord—and all the more refreshing, in many cases, because it serves to bring the soul for a season into contact with Divine realities in a way hardly possible amid such surroundings as are common in France.

If we follow many of these worthy descendants of the old Huguenots into the walks of daily life, we shall possibly discover amongst them not so much fussy concern about the success of the "cause," nor so much observance of Sabbath duties as may often be seen amongst us, but rather a general leavening of the whole of life with the power of religion. Their piety has a reality and depth most refreshing to behold.

The Other Side.

Full many a life that triumphs here,
Glittering along its proud career,
Crown'd with the world's acclaim,
To eyes that see beyond the years,
A broken, shipwreck'd thing appears,
Sinking in endless shame.

And many a life that here seemed wreck'd,
Blasted with rancour and neglect,
Aimless and shorn of fame,
But started on a race, whose goal
Beams higher far than planets roll,
And has not miss'd its aim.

Names that rang loud on glory's lips
Shall suffer terrible eclipse,
From Memory's text-book rent;
When some which scorn had cover'd o'er,
Shine like the stars for evermore
In heaven's pure firmament.

So fares it with a winter's sun,
Whose race, low, cheerless, briefly run,
No sunset glories crown;
Yet none the less, to other eyes,
He rounds his course in southern skies,
Pouring full summer down. E. R. C.

CONSCIENCE is doubtless sufficient to conduct the coldest character into the road of virtue, but enthusiasm is to conscience what honour is to duty. There is in us a superfluity of soul which it is sweet to consecrate to the beautiful when the good has been accomplished.—*Madame de Stael.*

Worry and "Nagging."

(AN ADDRESS AT A MOTHERS' MEETING.)

I do think men have the advantage over us women in this respect, they are not such ones for worries. A man, when a misfortune befalls him, however much it may worry him at the time, makes up his mind that it can't be helped, and "what can't be cured must be endured," and has done with it. But a woman's worry is like a rat in the wainscot, there is no getting rid of it.

Did you ever hear of the Irishman who was making his way to Tipperary fair, with his inseparable shillelah, as the thick stick is called which an Irishman carries with him for chance action? On the outskirts of the fair he passed a tent with the head of some one within bulging out against its loose canvas walls, in a beautiful and well-defined bump. It was quite irresistible to the Irishman's mind; up went his shillelah, and down it came with a whang on the obtruding head, which instantly disappeared with a groan. Out rushed a crowd of wild fellows, but on perceiving who it was that had fetched the untimely blow, they exclaimed in amazement, "Och, and did ye know it was jist Staphen O'Rourke, who always focht on yer own side." "Och," said the Irishman, ruefully scratching his head, "and I am sorry; but faith, it looked so tempting, that an it had been my own feyther, I couldn't ha' helped it!" Now, I am afraid we women are all of us more or less like that Irishman. In every family there almost always springs up from time to time some sore subject or other; something, the more you think, and the more you speak of it, the more it worries you, and those about you, and with regard to which the less said and thought of the better. But, like the Irishman and the bulging head, it looks too tempting to a woman, and though she knows it is the certain way to upset temper, and cause home strife, she can't keep her tongue off this one unlucky spot.

A man, by some act of carelessness, loses some money. Well, it was abominably careless, and peculiarly aggravating, just as the winter was setting in, and work certain to be slack. But the thing is done; the money is gone, and all the "worriting" in the world won't fetch it back. The man's wife knows this as well as you and I

do; she knows also that if her husband's temper has a sore and irritable point, it is just that money; and yet, for the life of her, she can't let it alone. Whatever the man says or does, and whatever happens, that lost money is sure to come uppermost on her tongue. The shoe bill comes in. "Ah," she says, "if you had only not lost that money, we could have paid it with ease." He mislays his cap; she joins in the hunt for it. "Wherever it is gone, you can't have lost it, like that money." He proposes a day's excursion to see her friends, to please her. "Ah, if we had that money, we could have done it nicely," she graciously remarks. He is late for his work. "I have lost my time somehow. I must make haste and be off." "I wish that was all *you* had ever lost," his wife says with emphasis, as he gets up to go. He complains that a bill has been run up at the draper's. "Yes, it's all very fine, *you* may lose as much money as you like, but I am never to spend a penny in clothes for me and the poor children." Run and wind and double as he may, at home she takes care that that east wind always blows in his face, till at last she fairly *nags* him into the public-house, where he takes shelter behind a good can of beer. The money was lost, that couldn't be helped; but home-peace was flung after it, and double the sum was thrown into the publican's pocket, and that might have been prevented.

Or else it is that the man has been trying to turn over a new leaf. Poor chap, he has been trying very hard, and he really is very much better than he was, as his wife has reason to know best of any. But unfortunately he makes one slip. Under a sudden temptation, meeting perhaps with an old mate he hasn't seen for years, he is drawn into the public-house, and comes home a little the worse for drink. He had overcome many such temptations, he had yielded to one; but his wife takes care he shall not forget it. She makes as much fuss over that one fall as a hen does over one chicken. It becomes a kind of New-year's day, from which she dates everything. No chance for her husband to obey the blessed hopeful scripture words, "Forgetting those things that are behind, press forward to the mark of your high calling in Christ Jesus." A dispute takes place as to when something or other took place. "Don't you know?" says the wife. "It was the day after you got so drunk. I remember it by *that*." He comes home from his work tired and out of spirits. "What do you think?" says his wife; I met Bill Smith as drunk as you were that night. I pity his wife, that's all." She comes back from church or meeting. "The minister preached against the drink; I shouldn't wonder if he were thinking of you." She did not mention that he preached against an unbridled tongue as well, for it had never occurred to her to wonder whether he was thinking of her. The man hears some open-air preaching, and comes home deeply impressed. "My girl," he says, "I mean, with God's help, never to get the worse for drink again." "What's the use of your talking like that? you said that twenty times before you got so drunk that night. You are so weak, you know you'll be as bad as ever again." Now granted that it was a grievous fall, yet surely his wife's faithful arm should have been the one to help him up again, and point him afresh to that Saviour in whom is endless hope as well as endless life for a man. Surely his wife, whom God had given to that man to be his helpmeet, was the one to encourage him, and point out that the one fall did not undo the many overcomings; that the tide may rise, even though the wave ebb, and that she for one was not so unreasonable as to expect him to overcome all at once; and when she saw that his heart was open to new impressions, if only, like a true wife and helpmeet, she would have got him to kneel down with her, and have prayed with him that he might be more than conqueror through Him who loved him. I don't suppose she meant really to discourage him; it was only the old impulse to worry and nag which was too tempting; and so the wife's prophecy, like many another one, fulfils itself, and the man becomes worse than ever. And then she turns round and says, "I can't think how it is, ma'am, that he will go on so; I am sure I do my best; I never keep him waiting for his meals, nor nothing, and yet this is how he serves me." She cannot see where her fault lies, that she has worried and nagged, and discouraged him back into his old sins and vile habits.

Now, my sisters, I have given you two out of many instances of what I mean; and I can only beseech you to guard against this habit of worry-

ing, of *nagging*—for no other word exactly expresses what I mean—which tells so fatally on the comfort and happiness of a home. There are sore subjects in every family, and a sore subject is like a sore place; let it alone, or apply some soothing ointment to it, and it soon heals over; but constantly get it knocked and rubbed, it festers, and becomes a running sore. You best know what is your husband's sore point; and it would take such a very little prayerful resolution, such a very little watchfulness on your part, "to give it a wide berth," as sailors say, and avoid irritating the already inflamed spot. I have known homes positively worm-eaten with these small worries; and I dare not think how many men annually are "nagged" into public-houses by their wives' tongues.

Historic Notes on Midland Churches.

No. VII.

KINGSWOOD (DOLLAX) CHAPEL, HOLLYWOOD.

Ministers.

"Many years supplied by ministers resident in the neighbourhood, viz., Rev. Messrs. Elcox, Blick, Tonks, Tindal, Clements, Phillips."—MSS., Rev. James Scott, Cradley.

George Lewis...	1766-1786
John Hobson	1787-1791
John Tingcombe	1792-1795
+ Thomas Moore	1795-1809
Rees Lloyd	1810-1839
Thomas Evans	1839-1848
William Mountford, M.A. ...	1848-1850
William Bowen	1851-1857
Joseph Heywood	1857-1865
John Birks	1866-1870
James Taplin...	1870-1882
Lindsey Taplin, M.A. ...	1883-1887
Joseph Hardinge Matthews ...	1888-

Historic Note.

The first chapel of this society—said to have been built in 1708—suffered in the riots of 1715, when "an attempt was made," so writes the Rev. James Scott, at the beginning of this century, "by three labourers to burn down the chapel. The flames, however, were extinguished, two of the men were immediately taken, and one of them suffered capital punishment at Worcester." This destruction is also alluded to by William Hutton, the Birmingham historian, who says that "this solitary place had fallen by the hand of violence in the beginning of George I. (in the Sacheverelle agitation of 1714), for which a person of the name of Dollax was executed, and from whom it acquired the name of St. Dollax, which it still bears. Three hundred yards beyond they arrived at the parsonage-house, which underwent the same fate." The chapel was again destroyed at the time of the Birmingham Riots. Under date of "Sunday, 17th July, 1791, nine o'clock at night," the writer of "An authentic account of the dreadful riots in Birmingham, occasioned by the celebration of the French Revolution" (London: H. D. Symonds, 20, Pater-Noster Row, 1791), notes that "the rioters have been all day busy in the country. Dollax Chapel, five or six miles from Birmingham, and Sorhole Mills are said to have been this day burnt to the ground;" also, that "the house of Mr. Hobson, a Presbyterian parson, and the dwellings of Messrs. Budd, Hawkes, Harwood, and a farm-house in the neighbourhood of Mosley were also demolished. These persons were marked as principal applauders of the French Revolution."

On Tuesday, July 19th, at nine o'clock in the morning, the same writer observes that "the fires seen from Birmingham, on Sunday, were at the houses of Mr. Harwood, Mr. Russell, Mosley Hall, several hayricks, a farm-house, Dollax Chapel (better known by the name of King's-wood or King's-heath Chapel), and some others."

Every obstacle was placed in the way of the sufferers from the riots claiming redress, in addition to which two years were suffered to elapse before the sums awarded were paid over to the sufferers. The society claimed £198 8s. 9d. for the chapel and £267 14s. 11d. for the parsonage, and was allowed £139 17s. 6d. and £200 respectively. Building operations were soon begun, on a site near to that on which the former chapel had stood. By October, 1793, the chapel was finished, for on the 28th of this month a petition and a memorial were printed and circulated by the society, stating that it had rebuilt the chapel ("39 feet by 33 in the exterior"), the expense of which amounted to £461, exclusive of the members' own manual labour. Contributions were requested to supply

+ Died 23 August 1842 in 75th year of age I.G.E.

deficiences and to raise a fund for rebuilding the parsonage house. The memorial also stated that since the new chapel had been opened, the congregation was considerably larger, and had a more numerous attendance of stated hearers than was customary before the riots. This building was thoroughly restored in 1874 during the ministry of the late Rev. James Taplin, his son Russell, a musician of no mean order, being mainly responsible for the organ improvements. The chapel, its burial ground, school-house, and parsonage are situated in one of the most pleasant and retired spots in the county of Worcester, being distant about six miles from Birmingham.

Kingswood chapel is one of the places visited by the monthly meeting of Protestant Dissenting Ministers of Warwickshire and neighbouring counties, the first meeting being held there on Tuesday, 15th June, 1869, when a sermon was preached by the late Rev. Benjamin Wright, of Birmingham, from the text—2 Corinthians ix. 15, the subject being "The Value of Christianity." The supporter on this occasion was the Rev. Henry McKean, of Oldbury.

The communion vessels consists of four pewter plates and one cup with two handles, all being marked K.W.M.

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Christian Freeman, February, 1870.

GEORGE EYRE EVANS,
Whitchurch in Salop.

(Next Month Old Meeting Church, Birmingham.)

Now I want you to think that in life troubles will come which seem as if they never would pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last for ever; but the calm and the morning cannot be stayed: the storm in its very nature is transient. The efforts of nature, as that of the human heart, ever is to return to its repose; for God is peace.—*George MacDonald.*

Faith and Hope.

AN UNPUBLISHED PARABLE BY THE LATE HARRIET MARTINEAU.

One morning, as the sun arose, two spirits went forth upon the earth.

And they were sisters. But Faith was of mature age, while Hope was yet a child. They were both beautiful. Some loved to gaze on the countenance of Faith, for her eye was serene, and her beauty changed not; but Hope was the delight of every heart.

And the child sported in the freshness of the morning; and as she hovered over the gardens and dewy lawns, her wings glittered in the sunbeams like the rainbow.

"Come, my sister," she cried, "and chase with me this butterfly from flower to flower." But her sister was gazing at the lark as it arose from its low nest, and warbled among the clouds.

And when it was noon, the child said again, "Come, my sister, and pluck with me the flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful, and their fragrance is sweet."

But Faith replied, "Nay, my sister, let the flowers be thine, for thou art young, and delightest thyself in their beauty. I will meditate in the shade, till the heat of the day be past. Thou wilt find me beside the fountain in the forest. When thou art weary, come and repose on my bosom."

And she smiled and departed.

After a time, Hope sought her sister.

The tear was in her eye, and her countenance was mournful.

Then Faith said, "My sister, wherefore dost thou weep, and why is thy countenance sad?"

And the child answered, "Because a cloud is in the sky, and the sunshine is overcast. See, the rain begins to fall."

"It is but a shower," Faith replied, "and when it is over the fields will be greener and the flowers brighter than before."

Now the place where they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been from the noon-day heats. And Faith comforted the child, and showed her how the waters flowed with a fuller and clearer stream as the shower fell.

And presently the sun broke out again, and the woods resounded with song.

Then Hope was glad, and went forth to her sports once more.

After a time, the sky was again darkened, and the young spirit looked up, and behold! there was no cloud in the whole circle of the heavens.

Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not yet night.

And she fled to her sister, and cast herself down at her feet, and trembled exceedingly.

Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth from the shade of the trees, and pointed to the sun, and said, "A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but no ray of his glory is extinguished. He still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again delight thyself in his beams. See! even yet his face is not wholly hidden from us."

But the child dared not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart.

And when all was bright again she feared to wander from her sister, and her sports were less gay than before.

When the eventide was come, Faith went forth from the forest shade, and sought the lawn, where she might watch the setting of the sun. Then said she to her young sister "Come and behold how far the glories of the sunset transcend the beauties of the morning. See how softly they melt away, and give place to the shadows of night!"

But Hope was now weary. Her eye was heavy, and her voice languid. She folded her radiant wings, and dropped on her sister's bosom and fell asleep.

But Faith watched through the night. She was never weary nor did her eyelids need repose.

She laid the child on a bed of flowers and kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle round the head of the sleeper that she might sleep in peace.

Then Faith looked upwards and beheld how the stars came forth. She traced them in their radiant courses, and listened to their harmonies, which mortal ear had not heard. And as she listened their music entranced her soul.

At length, a light appeared in the east, and the sun burst forth from the portals of the heaven.

Then the spirit hastened to arouse the young sleeper.

"Awake, O my sister! awake!" she cried.

"A new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall overshadow it. Awake! for the sun hath risen which shall set no more!"

"Thy will be done."

When Spring's soft breath and softer showers
New life infuse in buds and flowers,
This song, O Lord, shall then be ours,
This is Thy will,—"Thy will be done."

When Autumn cometh, golden-crowned,
With treasures of the fertile ground,
Bright, joyous, let the anthem sound,
It is Thy will,—"Thy will be done."

When children's merry laugh and play,
Make sweetest music through the day,
Most heartily we love to say,
This is Thy will,—"Thy will be done."

OH God, who art my Maker, go on making me, and let me help Thee.—*George Macdonald.*

ONLY what we have wrought into our character can we take with us to the other world.—*W. Humboldt.*

WHAT a sublime doctrine it is that goodness cherished *now* is eternal life already entered upon!—*Channing.*

"IN a few years," says Mr. Edison, "the world will be just like one big ear: it will be unsafe to speak in a house until one has examined the walls and furniture for concealed phonographs." Why not say, "until one has examined *his own heart* to see that he doesn't *want* to speak anything that he would object to have his fellow men hear?" It would be *worth while* to turn the world into "one big ear" if the result could be *this*. And, indeed, have we not already a condition of things quite as startling and solemn as would be the giving of ears to the physical universe, namely, the fact that the *spiritual universe is intelligent?* "He that formed the ear shall (does) *he not hear?*" God knows! Is not *this* more serious than that the walls or our fellow men should know?

Notes on the "B. and F." Meetings.

The annual meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association—familiarly known as the "B. and F."—were held as usual in Whit-week. Although the Manchester Conference had taken the edge off the Whitsuntide gatherings, there was a large muster of friends and much enthusiasm. The business meeting gained considerably in interest, attendance and thoroughness from being held in the evening instead of the afternoon. Time was found for four resolutions on questions of public interest, *i.e.*, The School Board Struggle, Lynching, Welsh Disestablishment, and International Arbitration. The appearance of Miss Ida Wells upon the platform, with her personal and painful experiences of negro lynching, gave a bit of vivid colour to the meeting.

Is it not time that the ever-recurring objection to the introduction of public questions in the assembly came to an end? Mr. Clephan, while sympathising with Miss Wells, felt bound to protest against the discussion of lynching on the B. and F. platform as not coming within the objects of the association. Being asked for his ruling on the point, the Chairman decided in favour of the introduction of the question, and then very weakly called for a show of hands on the point of order raised. Clearly it was the Chairman's business to rule, and to put his own ruling to a popular vote might have led to something like a snub administered to the chair, and has certainly weakened the authority of all future chairmen.

If there is this difficulty with the constitution let it be revised. But why not adopt the plan which works so well in the Congregational Union. *A Committee of Reference* is appointed, *ad hoc*, by the assembly itself, and to this committee is referred every question it is wished to introduce not provided for in the business by the Executive. Such a Reference Committee having the full confidence of the assembly, would give or withhold permission for the proposed discussion, and all dispute would be obviated.

Perhaps the two most interesting events of the meetings were the appearance and speech of Dr. Martineau, and the paper at the Sunday School breakfast by Miss Gertrude Martineau. Dr. Martineau, who has just passed his 90th birthday, occupies a unique position among us, and is regarded by all our churches and ministers with love, honour and reverence. He appeared to be in excellent health, and none could have listened to "the old man eloquent" without being touched to diviner issues and moved to nobler things. Dr. Martineau's speech was a plea for the better theological instruction of our young people. We quote Dr. Martineau's concluding words with all the more pleasure because some have ignorantly supposed that Mr. Wood's sermon on the following day took an opposite line. But it so happens that the preacher is in perfect accord with Dr. Martineau as to the "prophetic utterances" which ought to occupy and almost entirely absorb the pulpit. Of course, if "prophetic utterances" are to exclude and not include great topics of human and ethical interest then indeed there would be a difference of view as to the functions of the pulpit, but we do not so understand Dr. Martineau. Here is the passage:—

"I should like to know if it is always to be the case that among the various objects of pursuit that claim the time of young people, the one thing that is always made to give way on behalf of others which are supposed to be more profitable, is religious and theological instruction. Certainly it is unprofitable if by that you mean it will bake no bread and ripen no corn, and earn no wages, but surely we cannot always suppo e that in reckoning up the good things of life, these are the considerations that must take first place—(hear, hear). Neglect of regular systematic theological teaching in our societies is hurtful not only to the people who lose it, but to the people who are able to give it—not only to the congregations, but to the ministers. A minister knows perfectly well his people are not abreast of the critical and historical knowledge of the time, and having no other opportunity, imports these subjects into the pulpit, which is turned into a mere lecture platform for dealing with critical and controversial questions, so occupying the minds of the congregation with things that are no better than the secular questions with which they have to deal in the world. Thus ministers lose the habit of giving, and the people of expecting, those stimulating, inspiring, spiritual instructi ns, those appeals to the conscience and heart and affections of mankind that constitute the true functions of the pulpit—(applause). For my part, I regard it as really an abuse of the pulpit when those prophetic utterances do not almost entirely occupy and absorb it. The real power of our preachers will never be developed until they have the courage to fling themselves upon those higher inspirations which will strike deep into the hearts and consciences of their people. On all

grounds, therefore, I do advocate the maintenance of regular training in these theological questions, historical, philosophical and reflective, and that the pulpit should be reserved altogether for utterances of a more stimulating kind—(applause)."

Who would miss the bright and cheery Sunday School breakfast? If not quite so well attended as usual, nothing was missing of the old spirit and enthusiasm. Dr. Blake Odgers officiated as waiter-in-chief with all the *aplomb* of one to the manner born, and subsequently, in presenting the treasurer's report, made all his old jokes with a greater air of innocence than ever. Mr. Grosvenor Lee proved a capital Chairman, while the paper of Miss Martineau was perhaps the gem of the week. Wise and witty, earnest and suggestive, we could wish it put into every teacher's hands. It ran over with good things, but with nothing more striking than the plea that Sunday School teachers should have the *courage of their feelings* as well as the courage of their opinions. We need not wear our hearts upon our sleeves, but the strong repression of feeling and of all expression of feeling, which is the correct thing among us, often weakens our influence and produces an impression most fatal to our work whether in the pulpit or the class. We are not quite sure that Miss Martineau's disapproval of the "modern boy" is altogether justified. The modern boy has his own faults, but on the whole we much prefer him to the boy of an older generation. He is not so respectful and obedient, but he is more frank and spontaneous: he is not quite so willing to take on trust his teacher's statements, and he thinks more for himself. His thinking, no doubt, is crude and its expression often brutally frank, but it indicates an independence of mind of which Unitarians should be the last to complain.

We commend to our readers the following extracts from Miss Martineau's beautiful paper:—

"I cannot help hoping that our Sunday-Schools may more and more revert to the religious teaching, which, in days of theological doubt and difficulty, has somewhat been laid aside in favour of what is more amusing and involves less responsibility. However difficult are the questions of theology and criticism, which some of us feel bound to lay aside because we are not capable of dealing with them, surely we are bound to lead our children as far as we can to feel with us the love of God and the love of man, which make for us the only real value of life here or hereafter. The love of man is good, and the love of God is good; but either without the other is a maimed life to us human beings. And to me it seems to follow that this teaching should be direct and explicit; that we should have the courage not of our opinions so much as of our feeling; and that, however uncertain we may feel about doctrines, if we feel the love of God and man ourselves, we should not let a lesson pass without directly bearing our reverent witness and leading our scholars to meet us consciously in that wide field. These thoughts and feelings are easily contagious, especially with the younger children, who respond at once to any earnest religious feeling; and it is most important to lead their minds and hearts in this direction and not let the sense and peace of God sleep, and in sleeping die away, else it may take a very loud trump to awaken it again; and the loss through life will be none the less grievous because till the awakening comes there is no knowledge of the loss. It would seem that this direct religious teaching should not be difficult in most, at least, of the subjects which are likely to be taken by teachers, even when they do not take Bible teaching, for instance, botany, astronomy, geology, or any wonders or beauties of the natural world, or history, stories of animals, with their wonderful affections and instincts; biography, or heroic deeds. Is not God imminent in all these? We shrink from speaking these thoughts of God, but is not this selfish and a temptation to be overcome for the sake of others?

I think there never was a time when we had more distinctly a work to do; when more clearly

> 'We had a lesson to teach them,
> The children that God had given,
> From a book most high and holy,
> Whose theme was the love of heaven,'

seeing, as we do, the sort of theology which is sometimes given in the name of religion. Recently, for instance, a canon of the Church of England preached in a village church a sermon for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, on the draught of fishes; he said that the two accounts must be taken together; that the draught of fishes meant the kingdom of God; that the number of fishes taken was 153; that the apostles were 12, and as the square of 12 was 150, there were three fishes over, and these three of course meant the blessed Trinity. Is not the need of our time great for a real, simple, direct religion—a true Christianity? by which I mean no doctrines or conceptions about Christ, but the very religion by which Jesus lived, which filled his own heart, and which alone he taught without stint; a religion if one may say so, without doctrine, with no questions *pro* or *con* about anything too difficult for the simple hearts of simple men and women, and of young children; and the older one grows, and the deeper one sinks into the simplicity of this religion of Jesus, the deeper does the power and truth of it strike, and the more absolute is its supremacy over the heart and conscience."

Folded hands are not necessarily resigned ones. The Patience who really smiles on griefs usually stands, or walks, or even runs.

A String of Seed Pearls.

Things are only really possessed by the man who can do without them.

The hardest, gladdest thing in the world is to cry *Father!* from a full heart.

If God were not, there would not even be nothing! Nothingness owes its very idea to somethingness.

We are vessels of life, not full of the wine of life; and where the wine does not reach, there the clay cracks, and aches, and is distressed.

The soul compact of harmonies has more life, a larger being, than the soul consumed of cares; and the man who loves his fellows is infinitely more alive than he whose endeavour is to exalt himself above them.

In all our troubles our one lack is *life*—what we need is more life—more of the life-making Presence in us making us more and more largely alive.

Many good souls will one day be horrified at the things they now believe of God.

"You can't bring up a child in the right way," it has been well said, "unless you happen to be travelling that way yourself."

Let us believe as much as we please that God spoke yesterday; but let us hold to the faith that he is speaking to-day, and that we can hear him, and that he is going to speak to-morrow.

"May every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky; one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life;
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage."

Says Dr. Francis E. Abbott: "It is impossible to know Nature in any degree without knowing God in precisely the same degree; both are knowable, but neither is wholly known, by man; the progress of natural knowledge is itself the ever-progressive revelation of the Immanent God.

We have never seen what seemed to us a better answer to the question, "What is it to be a Christian?" than this from President Eliot, of Harvard, which appeared recently in a Boston paper: "To my thinking he is a Christian who accepts Jesus Christ as the best moral and spiritual guide the world has seen, and tries, in his spirit, to love and serve God and man."

Here is another from Dr. Lyman Abbott that is nearly as good:

"To be a Christian is, according to the New Testament phraseology, to be a follower of Christ—not to think something about him, but to appreciate him, love him, try to be like him, and trust in the help which comes through him for accomplishing the work which he gives his followers to do."

Not parties but principles. Let us be of no party but God's party, and use all other parties as we use railroads—travelling by one train as far as it will take us in the right direction, and then leaving it for another.

Dr. Kanz, finding a flower under a great glacier, was more affected by it because it grew beneath the lip and cold bosom of ice than he would have been by the most gorgeous garden bloom. So some single struggling grace, in the heart of one far removed from Divine influence, may be dearer to God than a whole catalogue of virtues in the life of one more favoured of heaven.

Dogma is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying "*I will not forgive.*" A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it can never be shown against the man.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A North Pole Story.

Up where the world grows cold,
Under the sharp North Star,
The wrinkled ice is very old,
And the life of man is far;
None to see when the fog falls white,
And none to shiver and hear
How wild the bears are in the night,
Which lasts for half-a-year!

The wind may blow as it will,
But it cannot shake a tree,
Nor stir the waves which lie so still
On the corpse of that dead sea!
The sun comes out over the flowerless strands
Where only ice-tears flow,
Where the North weeps for sweet woodlands
Which she must never know.

Earth speaks with awful lips,
No place for man is here!
Between my bergs I'll crush your ships
If you will come too near;
You shall be slain by bitter wind,
Or starved on barren shore,
My cruel snow shall strike you blind;
Go,—trouble me no more.

But British men are fain
To venture on and through,
And when I tell them to refrain
They set themselves to do;
Into the secrets of the snow
They hurry and they press,
And answer Nature's coldest "No"
With a great shout of "Yes."

It was a little band
Went on the dangerous track,
To give a message from our land
And bring an answer back;
The frost had bound their good ship tight,
And years were come and gone,
When a few brave hearts as best they might
Went over the shores alone.

And as one strode so bold,
He saw a sight of fear,
Nine white wolves came over the wold,
And they were watching a deer;
By three and by two and by one
A cunning half-moon they made;
They glanced at each other and did not run,
But crept like creatures afraid.

They knew what they were about,
And the poor thing knew it too,
It turned its head like a child in doubt,
And shrank, and backward drew;
But whether it look'd to left or right,
It met a savage eye,
And the man stood still and saw the sight
And felt that it must die.

Backward, trembling and fast,
And onward, crafty and slow,
And over the cliff's sheer edge at last,
And crash on the ice below;
But then with a whirl and a plunge and a whoop,
The wolves are down the hill,
They break their ranks, that wild white troop,
When it is time to kill.

And days and nights went past,
And the men grew weary and pale,
Scanty food and freezing blast
And hearts beginning to fail!
The wanderer knew his steps were slow,
And his eyes were languid and dim,
When nine white wolves came over the hill,
And they were watching—him.

He saw them gather and glance,
And he remember'd the deer!
He saw them frame their cunning advance,
And he felt a little fear!
But never a hairs-breadth did he swerve,
Nor lower his looks a whit,
He faced the cruel scimitar-curve
And then walked up to it!

There is never a beast so strong
As to bear a brave man's eye!
They crouch'd; they looked as if nothing was wrong,
And then they turned to fly.
The man stood still and drew his breath,
When he saw the scattering ranks;
He had been face to face with death:
I hope he utter'd thanks.

There's a fireside far away,
A little anxious now,
Where a man shall sit one joyful day,
And tell of the world of snow;
And tell of the wolves who sup so grim,
And leave no bone behind;
And how they meant to sup on him,
But look'd, and changed their mind.

To the quaint sayings of little children may there never be an end. One of our young acquaintances, visiting at the house of a friend, became angry with her sister, a little older, and struck her, whereupon, to comfort the injured feelings of the one and to punish the other, a piece of cake was given to the one who had been struck, but none to the other. She saw her sister enjoying the cake, and thinking that to be struck would secure a piece for herself, went to her sister and said in coaxing tone, "Jessie, slap me!"

News from the Field.

THE REV. J. CROSSLEY has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Birkenhead. Mr. Crossley leaves the Midlands with the best wishes of all our friends for his success in the new sphere to which he is called.

MINISTERS' MEETING.—The monthly meeting of the Protestant Dissenting Ministers of Warwickshire and neighbouring Counties was held at Evesham, on Wednesday, May 9, when the Rev. Joseph Wood, of Birmingham, preached an able sermon from Phil. iii. 12. At the business meeting following the service, the Secretary was instructed to convey the deepest feeling of sympathy and condolence from the ministers to the parents of the late Rev. T. P. Broadbent, B.A., in their sudden and sad bereavement. Mr. Broadbent was one of the latest members of the above association. At the same meeting the following resolution was carried unanimously:—"That this meeting deeply regrets the removal of the Rev. A. E. O'Connor, B.D., from this district, the loss of his able services as secretary of these meetings, and of his genial company; and wishes him every material and spiritual comfort and prosperity in his new home and church." The ministers were entertained to a luncheon in the schoolroom by members of the Evesham congregation, and, later, to afternoon tea at Mr. Geoffrey New's house.

BIRMINGHAM.—SMALL HEATH.—The Rev. E. J. Sale has been appointed, for twelve months, minister of the new mission in the district. There is a most hopeful field of labour at Small Heath, and we wish Mr. Sale every success.

BANBURY.—On Sunday evening, May 6th, at the close of service the congregation adjourned to the schoolroom and held the annual meeting. The Minister occupied the chair, and read his report of the work done in connection with the Chapel services and the various events which had occurred during the year. The treasurer also submitted his accounts for the past year. Both reports were duly received and adopted by the meeting. The officers were then elected for the ensuing year;—Mr. Briscoe was re-elected Treasurer, Mr. James Miles as Minute Secretary, Messrs. Richard and J. Miles as Chapel Wardens, and Messrs. Mann, Davis, Galeworthy, and Coleman, as members of the Committee. Other matters of interest of a congregational character were submitted to the meeting and passed.—The Minister then gave the meeting an account of the Manchester Conference which he and Mrs. Hill had attended as representatives of the congregation. The meeting was well attended and was in every way of an agreeable and helpful nature.

LYE.—In last month's *Seed Sower* it was stated that a total of £35 2s. 6d. had been received with a view to building classrooms and furnishing additional heating apparatus. Since then the following sums have been promised or received:—Miss Lee, £5; James Evers Swindell, Esq., £5; Miss Evers, £1 1s.; C. Evers, Esq., £1 1s.; Mr. J. Pardoe, £1; Mrs. Fletcher, 10s.; Miss Cochrane, 10s.; Miss Pearson, 10s.; Mr. S. Pearson, 10s.; Dr. Darby, 10s.; Mr. R. Perry, 5s.; Miss Wooldridge, 1s. The total now amounts to £51 0s. 6d. The Rev. A. A. Charlesworth will preach anniversary sermons on Sunday, June 10th. The services will begin at 3-15 and 6-30.

John Bright and Whittier.

Mr. Smalley, in his delightful personal reminiscences of John Bright, relates that on the occasion of a dinner-party at his house Mr. Bright turned the conversation on Whittier. The ladies had gone to the drawing-room.

"Of course you read Whittier?"

"Yes, I have read him."

But I, mean, read him often. Do you mean to say that you don't know him by heart?"

"No, not much by heart."

"Not his best things? Don't you know 'Snowbound?' Cant you repeat it?"

And from the general admission from the four or five who were present, that no one of them could repeat it, Mr. Bright's eye kindled: he got up, walked to the fireplace, put his back against the chimney-piece and delivered the whole poem. I can see him as he stood there with the glow about him and the deeper glow within him: his voice subdued to the size of the room, but not less deep, rich, melodious, and true than if rolling out to thousands: his gestures not frequent but decisive, and sometimes dramatic. Mr. Whittier never heard his own poetry so recited. When Mr. Bright had finished we went upstairs. He carried Whittier with him and talked of him to the ladies, as he talked to us, not critically, but with deep feeling and real apprehension of what is best in him. Nor did it end there. Mrs. Proctor, the delightful young lady of eighty as Mr. Lowell called her, was there: alert, fresh, keen, energetic, as she always was. I think Whittier was new to her, not familiar, at any rate. She listened intently. When the company broke up she drove Mr. Bright home. I saw her again not long after, and she told me that he repeated Whittier to her in the carriage all the way to Piccadilly, and when they had arrived kept it standing a minute or two in front of his door while he finished what he had in hand.

Midland Church Calendar for June.

ALCESTER: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. John Dale, Salford House. Service at 6 p.m.

ATHERSTONE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, of Tamworth. Service at 3 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM: Church of the Messiah, Broad Street,
Minister: Rev. James Crossley, 5, Wyndham Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Hurst Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. W. J. Clarke, 160, Pershore Road. Services: 10-15, 2-45, and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Fazeley Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. T. Pipe, 59, Great Brook Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Newhall Hill Church.
Minister: Rev. A. A. Charlesworth, 18, South Road, Handsworth. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Old Meeting Church.
Minister: Rev. Joseph Wood, 120, Gough Road, Edgbaston. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Church of the Saviour.
Minister: Rev. J. C. Street, Bristol Road, Edgbaston. Services: 1 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: Small Heath, Little Green Lane Board School.
Service at 6-30 p.m.

BANBURY: Christchurch Chapel, Horse Fair.
Minister: Rev. H. Hill, 5, Crouch Street. Service: Evening, 6-30.

COSELEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry Eachus. Services: 11 and 6-30.

CRADLEY: Netherend Chapel.
Minister: Rev. A. E. O'Connor. Services 11 and 6-30.

DUDLEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. A. H. Shelley. Services: 11 and 6-30.

EVESHAM: Oat Street Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Rudolf Davis. Services: 11 and 6-30.

KIDDERMINSTER:
Minister: Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans. Services: 10-30 and 6-30.

KINGSWOOD: Kingswood Chapel, Hollywood.
Minister: Rev. J. Hardinge Matthews. Services: 11 and 6-30.

LOUGHBOROUGH: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. H. Haycock, Beacon Road. Services: 10-45 and 6-30.

OLDBURY: Unitarian Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry McKean, The Dingle, Oldbury. Services: 11 and 6-30.

SHREWSBURY: High Street Church.
Minister: Rev. E. Myers, F.G.S., Claremont Hill. Services: 11 and 6-30.

STOURBRIDGE: Presbyterian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. A. W. Timmis. Services: 11 and 6-30.

TAMWORTH: Cole Hill Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, 17, Aldergate. Services: 11 and 6-30.

THE LYE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. I. Wrigley, B.A. Service: 6-30.

WALSALL. Unitarian Free Church.
Minister: Rev. Peter Dean, 3, Sandwell Street. Services: 11-15 and 6-30.

WEST BROMWICH: Lodge Road Chapel.
Minister: Rev. John Harrison Jesson Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.

WHITCHURCH: Church of the Saviour, Highgate.
Minister: Rev. George Eyre Evans, 5, Mill Street. Services: 11, 2-15 for Children, 6-30.

WOLVERHAMPTON: Unity Church, Snow Hill.
Minister: Rev. L. G. Harris Crook, Oaklands Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.